



Jonghyun
Collection

Story
Op. 2

Translation: SHINee USA

Letter from the Editor:

A great deal of time was spent translating this text from Jan-Apr 2018. The first thing I wanted to say is a thank you to our translator who put a lot of energy into this project. <3 We all cope with tragedy and loss differently and for our staff, focusing on his words was what we wanted to do most. I know it wasn't easy & you're a trooper for taking this on with me. I'm eternally grateful ^^

Because of the sensitive nature of the content and the timing of our release of it, we ask that fans & readers of this translation do so at a time where they consider themselves to be mentally stable and not easily shaken. Jonghyun's words are very meaningful for us. As his autobiographical album, we felt it was important now more than ever that his words be available to the English speaking SHINee World community in an effort to better understand Jonghyun. We ask that you read this with an open mind to both the positive and negative and receive Jonghyun as he is. Please do not internalize his pain as he never wanted that for you. Translations of the songs are plentiful online. Be sure to read them as well if you haven't already for the context of these essays. Jjong, we love and miss you. We will carry you in our hearts forever and always do our best to share your memory.

"And those who understood and embraced this me were everywhere."
- from "Our Season" Essay (Korean Name: "Warm Winter")

Warmer than expected.

Letter from the Translator:

There are some things that can be expressed in one language and not another, some simplicity or beauty that is always lost in translation. I truly hope you can feel some of Jonghyun's heart in these words, and I hope someday, you too may read his original words in the beautiful language of Korean. I want to thank everyone who I ran five versions of the same sentence by to try and find the best fit; you all helped more than you know. Also this wouldn't have been possible without friends who were there when things became too dark.

Thank you for reading. Thank you for loving Jonghyun. Take care.

"I'll share one spoiler. In the essay version there's different pieces of writing for each song. There's 9 all together... and I wrote them. I've included the emotions that will help you understand the songs. Music is music but I wonder how you will see my writings, you'll probably think several things. Even still I hope you'll look forward to it."
- Jonghyun (@realjonghyun90, 170423)

*When are you most lonely?
 Compared to when I'm alone, I feel lonelier when we are two
 Even more so when we are three, even more so four*

*My loneliness is a dark water that cannot be shared
 So I will keep it bottled up only inside me*

*That's why I hide and hide and hide again, don't I?
 That's why it's lonely and lonely and even more lonely, isn't it?*

'Leave me alone'

*This phrase is my own language appealing you to try and understand me
 On the outside it's so rough, simply brushing against it brings others pain*

*So leave me alone
 So try to understand me*

*I'm sorry for acting selfish
 Yet this is me, so if you want to be together you have to be ready*

You know, I like winter.
 That's because watching people here and there all bundled up, with puffs of breath softly appearing,
 just watching days like that made me happy.

The days I dreamt of music more than anything, when I would head home after escaping
 from the slough of practice that wore me down the whole day.
 I often thought while watching my breath disperse how nice it would be if everything else
 remaining within me could also be released freely like that.
 Those days I longed for winter more than liked it.

I wanted to become like winter.
 Cold and indifferent, yet lucid and free.
 That kind of person.

As I grew, I made an effort to resemble the many things I longed for.
 And among everything my heart undoubtedly yearned to resemble winter the most.

Before I started working winter seemed cold.
 It seemed lonely and strained.
 A season where dreams of hope are felt at the peak of anguish.
 That was winter.

Someday when a callus formed on my heart, from that day I resembled winter plenty,
 And those who understood and embraced this me were everywhere.

So I became winter.

Translated solely for the purpose of giving understanding to Jonghyun’s words
for English speakers who own his album. Please support this work by buying
the physical album of Jonghyun’s “Story Op. 2 Essay Ver.”

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Lonely	12	50
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	13	51

Truthfully, things like that are all just fancy words.
I just wrote because I wish you'd understand me.
Because I want to go on living while loving even if in another shape.
So I wrote.

I completely forgot about it.
Completely other than the few times a guest would inquire about it for a minute or two
It was erased from my life.

When I'm drunk I share these stories in an array
Just like a love story from younger days
Seeming to others like we had fallen victim to something.
...

Is it possible to forget something as white as snow in a jet black room?
Is it possible to stop forgetting things like colors and shapes?

Every existence longs for validation.
The moment one can explain and understand their own value and reason for existence,
then one can rest.

The apple of my eye in winter, that fireplace vanishes for me in summer.

Fireplace	52	10
	—	—
	53	11

Do you have one too?
Once the focus of all my love and then silently ended up perishing
A pitiful existence like my room’s fireplace.
An existence who even still waits for winter’s glory.

These are lyrics I wrote shortly before writing ‘Lonely’.
Dwelling on these lyrics dozens of times, I thought how tired the lover of such a selfish person must be.
(‘Lonely’s female narrator and the narrator from above have the same selfish personality.)
And I wrote a song about the dialogue between these two.
That song is ‘Lonely’.

A duo when even though they’re together, they bring each other more loneliness.
A woman who is used to handling things herself and burdened by sharing her sadness
A man becoming lonely himself as he craves for his partner’s loneliness that she doesn’t share

Loneliness in my world isn’t excluding interactions between positive and negative emotions.
Nor is it where they interact.

Loneliness is simply loneliness.

A fickle emotion that can be used in any situation.
An emotion everyone suffers from and determines its shade themselves.

Even though I wrote the song ‘Lonely’, I don’t know how these two main characters will end up afterwards.
I just hope their way of loving keeps them together, even though their way of living differs,
And I wish for me who wrote their story, as well as you who listened,
that we become someone who can appreciate differing lifestyles.

Just Chill

I work quite a lot.
Even I see it like that.
I bet everyone around me thinks the same?
I'm a work-a-holic, who gets anxious when I've none to do.
The word 'rest' is awkward to me.

Yet one of the phrases I gave to others most as a radio DJ ended up being 'Rest when you can'.
Now that I think of it, isn't it shameful?
Since I'm telling others to do something I can't figure out how to do myself.

That's why there's this song I wrote.
With a playful feeling.
Thinking of resting.
Hoping it will help me chill out a bit later when I listen.

Hanging out reading comic books.
Watching that film again that you've seen so many times you unconsciously speak along with the dialogue.
Blasting the AC and snuggling up in clouds of blankets.

If you come into my room you'll see it's full of dark nothings and somber things.
Wallpaper, and floor, and a bed, a closet, and a sofa, a record player, and scented candles
Under the projector beam light, all becomes blackish or as if their color has dulled.
So I thought my room was dark.

Even though there's a white fireplace right next to my door,
I wonder why I've lived blindly with my eyes closed.

I wonder.

Maybe that's because it was a hot summer the moment I realized I was living with my eyes shut.

Winter nights.
I truly cherished those flames.
When the fire was lit I'd listen to music with bravado, and even puzzled for days
over how to best decorate the mantle.
That fire was the spoils of my war-like life that winter.
But the first summer day

I'm quite a lucky person
When compared to someone else's life or situation,
Not with relative thoughts like 'even still my luck is comparatively on the good side...'
But honestly when I reflect on every relationship that formed and various memories I've made in my life
I realize I could never have had these relationships and memories if I didn't have good luck
I believe in fate.

I believe those who will be together, end up together
In other words, you can say those who will part from you, end up parting

It is sad but like this, what you hold dear and what you fear
These treasures must be relationships and fate, right?

Because of this, what you express is important.
These fervent feelings.
Before the day passes.
Before I regret it.
Before you leave.
Before we say goodbye to this relationship.

My vulnerable, coward heart is finally at ease when fate reflects it like a mirror.

'Say you believe in me' *

That's right, those words...

are what I wanted to hear from you.

*[T/N: This is the final line of the lyrics for '1000'.]

You and me both, after taking time, creating a break.
I wish we would chill out.

I hated you.
And found you pathetic.
At the same time I made an effort to love you.

I hated the you who pretended not to notice my loneliness,
And found the you who entwined your whole body with lies pathetic.
Yet I loved you. I hated you and loathed you yet loved and treasured you just as much.
Will I ever have this much love-hate for another?

I gently gazed at you in the elevator I rode alone.

You
Were me all along.
Reflecting from the elevator door someone scrubbed well
Just myself.
An unbelievable realization came that you and I have been together all along.

You reflected in the mirror, and me.

This breathing corpse we ended up creating, was us in the end.

Let Me Out	44	22
	—	—
	45	23

A self-portrait drawn with a voice.
'I just... you...'

While every day I lose half my mind in loneliness and suffering.
The half of me that remains spit out this song while muttering to myself.

It is dangerous to talk about this song in detail.

For me and also for you

If the day comes someday when I can explain this song
I'll probably have grown up, right?

Lazily taking a nap with my love, Byulroo...
Ah, Byulroo loves napping with her chin resting on my forearm.

And I guess if that's not quite right, just doing nothing and spacing out.

This song is written to be heard at times like that, you must listen to it at times like that.

...

That's right
We're always too eager.

If I have time...
If I get a break...
Seeing how we put it off with words like these, our body and heart
You never know, they could break down beyond repair.

Love Is So Nice	28	Blinking Game	32
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	29		33

I actually don't remember the day I wrote this song.
One day I listened to some demo files I gathered and there was this song with my voice
that was nice and unfamiliar, so I released it after rearranging the chorus.
(There're more of these than I imagined. Demos that I habitually wrote even though there was
no album for them and I've ended up forgetting.)
Now that I think about it, even though this song isn't unusually affectionate, the lyrics at the
end, 'stay with me', really spoke to me when we rehearsed with the live band for my concert.
Thinking it'd be nice to sing along with a crowd
I started wanting to listen to it repeatedly.

So that's how it happened.

At first I chanted the line a couple times more.
Not enough.

So I ended up just doubling the outro to extend it.
There. That should do it.

We all recited that part together just like this at the concert.

It's quite a funny story.
After the concert I liked this song so much I wanted to make it the title track.
(Though I soon snapped out of it and wrote new music)

I'm looking forward to it.
The day we all sing this song together again.
It'll be soon right? Let's hurry and meet.
All of you.

Shall I tell you something erotic?

What could I think is the most direct physical contact?

Answer.
Eye contact!

Then what could I think is the sexiest music genre?

Answer.
Jazz!

That both power struggle and playful mischief would meet
It's too sensual I can't bear listening any more

It's embarrassing

It was a pitch black night.
And I, even darker still, my insides were congealing.
I don't know that I have already given up on you.
Whether I humbly accept the fear like prey in the wild who lost its will to live,
or whether I cannot dull your pain
to the extent I feel weary, or whether I now just think 'whatever' and ended up letting you go.

Anyways, it's undeniable I was beaten.

All over my body, it's like there was weight in tons piling onto my nerve endings.
Once this door opens, I'll be in my room in about 30 seconds. Then I can delude myself with sanctuary.
Though I'll obviously go to meet you again on my own.

You're full of greed.
You tried to embrace everything in this world, and longed to accept everything.
Though you indulged others with little requirements, you judged me through the eye of a needle.
You haven't embraced me even once.

...

'So why didn't you hug me just once?'

Why did it end up like this?
Is it all my fault once more?

We have to remember.
We're always too eager.